A stranger to us all: stranger, with a pale white brow, And dark and meaning eye, hich flashed like lightning on my own, Whene'er he possed me by.

That soul like eye! it baunts me still!

That soul like eye' it haunts me still:

So passionately deep.
Like those which sometimes beam on us.
In visions of our sleep.
So sad as if some shadowing grief,
Had o'er his spirit gone.
Yet brightening as it caught,
The answer of my own!

I knew him not eyet even when,
I turned me from the dance,
I faw his dark eye follow me,
It could not be by el., noe:
I knew him not and yet his tones,
Were breathed up on the car,

So sweeth low and musical, I could not choose but hear. He spoke of sunny Italy,

Of Venice and her bles. Of dark mustachoed expalters, Of dark mistactions exemers,
And tair Signoral's smiles:
Of music melting on the see,
Of month glit upon howers,
Of firehands wresting silken curls,
With gay and pleasant flowers!
And when he spoke of lovely ones,
Or paised a soul like eye,
United full relined was fixed on min

And when he specially a special would like eye,

His deep full glunc was fixed on mine,
As in he sought reply:
The fluid was deep and on my cheek,
My solve graw that and low,
I treabled at the cornest gaze,
The abolishness I know!
We parted at my father's door,
The mountight sweeth short,
And I was stanting at his side,
My arm was on too own:
He sighed, dear Lucy, how he sighed,
My eyes grew strongely dim,
It pained my heart to hear him sight.
I could have wept for him!
He stoke of disappointed hope,

The spoke of disappointed hope, of dreams that folded soon. The desidrops of his begins morn, Which wanish eracts moon. He spoke of loneliness of heart,

Of weariness and paid, And murmur'd that a life like his Was desolate and vain!
He sail his father's castle frowned,
Upon a foreign shore.
(A c.wle Lucy, think of that,
He is a Count or most).
That solitude was in its bidls,
Chill, prison like as I have,
United lene liby the smile of love,
the woman's kindly to see Was desolate and vain!

Or woman's kindly tobe.

And then dear Lucy plame me not.
We wept with one another,
You would vourself have nited ton,
And loved him as a ratter.
Sylandsome and so surrowful,
Foliangly yet so kin.
One more of than ay much.

One more through my many Management of my level at partiage. And we may the wall melected. While Pairs at one game of chess, And May many factorists. Excess me dearest Lucy now, Italian a more than a many level many level. To extraval with tell you more, He will be mere to might.

P. S .- Oh, decrest Lucy, pity me, I really thing I am dying. I, heart is like a heart of lead,

My eyes are red with cryling, it vesterds the Bink was relied to And of a large amount, iv father tried the robber. And, oh Gol! -- it was my Count!

From the London Poyal Lady's Magazine

THE MURDERER'S PANDON. The winter of affliction, the bot sun of I

beria, and fatigues of many a field of chival ry, had robbed six and twent; summers of their gladsome beauty, giving to the warrior Igrim an appearance matured and sedate. Tall and finely proportioned, his was dignified and graceful, while his features. legular and handsome, were touched with an expression of melancholy. His blue eyes indicated a more northern race than his dark sun Surnt skin, dark mustachoes and Spanish costume. In the front of his broad-flapped, upwards turned hat, he wore an escalop sheli, which showed that he had been on a pilgrimage to the shrine of San Jago de Compostello He rode an Andalusian jennet, black as jet, except a white star in the centre of the fore-head, and a white ring above the hoof of the near hind leg. At some distance behind him rode, on an English horse, his Biscayan valet, leading a Spanish mule, loaded with the bag

gage and arms of the Pilgrim. Guilt-deep and fearful crimes-but in their coormity wholly unpremeditated, had banished him a voluntary exile from his native land. In the unthinking impassioned rashness of youth he had felicitated himself in the success of a midnight fraud, but when the morning dawned, and the terribie truth became known to his victim, reason from the hapless fair one fled, and his own avenging brother fell be-

reath his unwilling sword.

With what deep anguish had he fled from that scene of horror! How profound had been his remorse, how truly positent the following years of his life.

As he now traversed the border of Hamp shire, and he recognized objects familiar to him in the guileless days of youth; the plea-sure they would have excited was changed in-to agony, as they reminded him with all the vividness of actual presence, of that one mos

fatal era of his existence.

The turrets, clustered chimneys, high roofs. notched gables, and bay win-tows of a mansio were seen for a moment through an opening of the trees; and more continually, from an elevated site, the ivy clad tower of a church the main body of which was concealed by some majestic limbs; the sun was sinking be some majestic limbs; the sun was stuking behind the distant woods, and darted a parting gleam on that battlemented tower. The golden light faded aways and a purple haze every moment deepened into a more sombre crazed last?—Was the old father mistaken fellow!—hir closes the golden glam was like one mower of the grave, give him!

-the dark obscurity which rapidly overspreads short months of that serpent Charles having the scene—the grave?

The Pilgrim groaned from deep and bitter

A turn in the road, and abruptly swelling banks now shut out from the traveller's view these distant objects of deeply painful interest, who now rode on buried in thought.

At length he was roused from his reverie by

the loud baying of dogs, and looking in the direction from whence the sound came, he observed at a furlong's distance, a cluster of buildings, corn and hay-stacks, a pond, a fine ash, an aged, almost leafless oak, and some stunted pollards A deeply rutted land, between a thorn hedge, with a dappled green ditch on the right hand, and a wall of loose stones on the left, led to this rural homestead. Desirous of a shelter for the night, he turned up the lane and soon reached the gate of the farm-vard. The house was one of the clong-rambling, high-roofed, thatched buildings, which in the sixteenth century, and long subsequent, was the abode of the substantial En and running off in capticious irregularity, other buildings of various forms and dimen-sions, from the granary to the cow house and pig-sty, and beyond these a cluster of corn and boy-stacks of sufficient magnitude eyes heavy. to prove the rural wealth of the owner.

As the traveller approached, the large mastiffs, chained in the yard, growled, and the unrestrained curs and terriers can to meet him, velping and barking ince-antis. The Yeoman himself, with two or three children. and a farm servant, stood in the vaid, gazing subject drop on the approaching stranger in silent wonder but he was courteous and bland in his man ners, and when he craved shelter for himself and servant for the night, the farmer dropped his fears of freebooter, and opened his gate with a frank and kindly welcome. The mule was unloaded, and the farmer's lar's taking the charge of the cattle. Diego gladly followed his poor murdered son-what do you think of that

When the stranger had finished a homely repost and was scated on a high broked settle and looking so wildly in her face that the to the right of the fire, and his best on one goodwife started two paces back. Think! opposite. while in a corner, still nearer the capacious chimney, up which ascended the blue smoke from the blazing wood fice, sat the aged mother of the yeeman, knitting with in- The stranger rec defatigable industry a large stocking of blue his former position. worsted. The goodwife was still bustling about, and two comely wenches were putting they were married? said the goodwife, after
the house in order, while leaning against a pluss, with the feminine tact at cross-exlong and high dresser, were three or four vatis, whose sleek and rosy faces and vaexpression of countenance, were strongly

isted with the swarthy and shrewd t the Biscayan valet, who stood a litger children were seated on stools or on ipor, amusing themselves with a kitten, occasionally stealing a look of fearful inrv at the traveller.

The stranger sat some time musing! his eyes | wifer rsed on the crackling and blazing billets. shich fitfully lighted the more prominent on-ects in the irregularly-built chamber, while t left others in impervious gloom. At length matters likely to be interesting to him, and in the course of a somewhat desultory convercrived from Spain, and not being pressed for time on his journey to London would his to tarry a few days at the farm if agreeable to the host. After sundry deprecatory apolo- cion and dread.—But her heart was not uncies for the lowliness of the abode and fare kind, and forgetting her thicat, she went and for the gentleman of the stranger's supposed rank, his proposition was agreed to point being arranged, the stranger again spake of the surrounding country, and at last men tioned the ivy clad tower of the church he

I never like to hook at either, said our hards of some and am glad that that is not our parish were in the hands of the evil one.

But the child headed her not. She took

.Why?'said the stranger, and the next moment seemed to regret that he had asked the question.

Because you see sir, I loved the knight, said sleep with gentleman—naughty mammey not the farmer, the was a good friend to me when make bed for nobody.'

The goodwife coloured, and looked for a

The stranger shaded his eyes from the fire "I hear," resumed the farmer, "that the

heirs at law are claiming the estate, as though of her child!—it was impossible! There are Master Charles were really dead.'

And so he is,' said the good wife. stopping a in the middle of the kitchen. It was out of nature that a ship could ever cross the with such a fiend on board-the blessed Virgin forgive me!'

Hold thy peace. Bridget, hold thy peace! said the farmer, thou knowest not what thou

savest. Not know!' said Bridget, coming forward then I should like to know who should know if I don't. Was not my poor short—Heaven rest her soull sworn gossip to Africe Mayfield, the still woman at the hall, and did not Alice tell the whole rights of the story to my sister, and did not Kitty tell the whole story to me?-not know indeed!'

'Ay, ay, you heard enough, I doubt not,' said the farmer, 'but I don't believe all I

"Then you ought to be ashamed of your-self for doubting honest folks," said Bridget; but I suppose you wont say the poor doar young lady did not go stark mad!"

The stranger groaned. 'And that incarnate fiend, Master Charles, did not slay his brother?' continued Bridget, but looking at the stranger instead of as her hasband, and as she thus plunged into the very middle of the tragical story, the various mem-

bera of the family silently closed around.

'There was and mistake,' said the furmer.

'Mistake!' cried his wife. 'What were

ment of life-that gloom the years that follow jand was laid down in it himselt, within three done all these horrors.

The stranger abruptly rose and walked from the cottage.

The wife looked at her husband, and the husband at his wife.

Thou art always talking about what thou knowest nothing of, said the farmer.

"If I had I should not have been heeded," said the dame significantly, 'and I will make

"Whist, goody, said the farmer.

'I beg pardon, young man,' said the wife to the Biscavan. "Who is your master?" to the Biscavan. 'Who is your master?'
, Non Inglesi,' replied the Spaniard, bow

of never heard the name before, said the goodwife. . What do you say is your master's

one other could she obtain from the honest "I believe he can't speak English," said the

face in spite of a southern sun was pallid, his swords. yes heavy, and the expression of his counte-ance full of melancioly. The farmer filled stant on which side he should array himself, horn with nut brown ale, and presented ig with a kindly manner to his guest, who declined not the well-meant offer; but the good of the cavalier. Although, thus placed, wife had certain vague suspicions and imagin point of numbers, on an equality, the ruffians to decay, still exhibit a rapidly increase to satisfy which she would not let the did not give up the contest, but seemed to resize, a fresh and wilder line of boundar, a

as I was saying, sir,' and she addressperself directly to the stranger; when poor Mistress Amelia died-

The stranger again raised his hand to his firehead. -- The broken hearted old knight had her name put on the coffin as the lawful wife of his

.Think!' said the stranger, turning his head, why in that was the madness of the whole!

· The blessed Virgin protect us! ed the goodwife, 'why they were not all mad.' The stranger recovering himself resumed Do you think, sir, Master Charles knew

mining, for which some members of the legal long robe so greatly pique themselves.

If he had, he would indeed have been the

fiend you have styled him,' said the stranger. "I'nen as he was a friend of yours, sir," said stance from where his master sat .- The the goodwife, 'I suppose you don't think there was any harm in his going under cover of the night, and passing himself as his brother, because he did not know the poor orphan adopted by his father was that brother's lawful

"Woman! why speak you thus?' said the stranger sternly. 'I would retire to rest.'
'To rest!' inuttered his excited hostess.

Can you rest?
The stranger rose, but recovering his selfpossession he resumed his seat, and seemed to forget the presence of the person who had ection, let fail that he had himself recently so greatly excited him. He spoke to his frank crived from Spain, and not being pressed and single minded host, of cattle, corn and pastures; leaving his hostess to bustle about, nuttering and glancing at him eyes of suspiprepared her best bed for the stranger, she lutely started on beholding her youngest and favourite child, a boy, between three and four years of age, standing on the stranger's kines and laughing and playing with his mous-

had seen in the distance with the castellated traches.

Come to me Willy, said the mother, with the never like to look at either, said the fate a voice and manner as though her beloved

But the child heeded her not. hold of his right arm. Come to me lammev. the said coaxingly.
No. I won't,' said the child, 'I'll stop and

moment in the now mildly smiling and hand-

some face of the stranger—so beautiful, he could not be bad!—and he had wan the heart are yours-no matter what else you be. From this moment all allusion to the tra-

cical events of by-come years were carefully avoided, and the stranger during some days sojourned at the farm in uninterrupted qui-et. His chief gratification appeared to be in penetrating the depths of the forest, in which ie would wander for many hours apparently absorbed in thought, so much so that when his path was occasionally crossed by a counfryman, he seemed unconscious of the respectful salutation with which he would be greet-

Prequently had he approached that described mansion, and that iry-clad tower, and field of sepulture, but he had not once entered their immediate precincts. He had indeed listened to the garrulous chroniclings of the aged sexton, who, with bonnet in hand, had nvited him to enter and see the tombs, and even the hall of which he had the charge, and when those offers were declined, he seemed desirous of piquing the stranger's curiosity by relating many wondrous events of past go perations; but none of which were so truly appalling as the fatal one which has been already dimly sketched. To this sad tale, with all its various colouring, the stranger listened with constrained composure, but offered neither interruption nor comment; but when, after a short silence, the sexton said.

.Master Charles was a fine, generous, spir ited youth. I can even yet scarcely believe him capable of fearful deeds—if he be alive what a sorrowful lieart he must have!-poor fellow!-his good father prayed God to for

The stranger breathed with difficulty.

'God forgive him!' said the sexton-"God forgive him!" murmured the stranger and drawing his bat over his brow, and touch ing, in doing so, the escalop of San Jago de Compostello, he targed slowly away, and was soon lost in the deepening shades of the forest.

A fine autumnal day was closing in, and the stranger, buried in thought, was still wandering in the forest. For some time the clash of swords, and brief ejaculations of human voices, close at hand, were wholly unheeded so completely was the agency of the external senses in obeyance to the profound operations of all-absorbing mind, when a piercing shrick rent the gates of the temple, and he started completely awakened to surrounding circum-to fill this chosen spot,—so repeated; in Constantinople poured into this ultimater. senses in obevance to the profound operations stances. He had penetrated the very depths stances. He had penetrated the very depths constantinone poured into this ultimatent of the forest, in which huge oaks throwing their gnarled and fantastic arms around, gave their gnarled and fantastic arms around, gave with their sacred folisges, a wild horror to the scene. He beheld leaning against a massive habitant for every ten silent inmates of the dead. Already do its fall tree, a young and beautiful female overwhelmcent, was the abode of the substantial Eugondwife to her husband, swhich is a proof ed with terror, and gazing on a cavalier of eyeoman, in connexion with wich was, that he is no better than his master, and so I most noble presence, who was manfully conthe sooner we send them both packing testing with his couteau du chassee, against the combined assaults of two powerful and The stranger re-entered the cottage, his visored men, armed with long cut-and-thrust

and drawing his highly-tempered steel of farfamed Toledo, sprang forward to the succour ly on their gigantic frames as superior to the a new belt of young plantations, growing more slight and elegant proportions of the between new flower-beds of graves some severe wounds, e.e. uttering a mutual signal cry, they suddenly started off in op posite directions, and in an instant discussional cry, they suddenly started off in op posite directions, and in an instant discussion cry, they suddenly started off in op posite directions, and in an instant discussion cry, they suddenly started off in op posite directions, and in an instant discussion cry, they suddenly started off in op posite directions, and in an instant discussion cry, they suddenly started off in op posite directions. two-cavaliers. But in this they soon found their error, and their blood began to flow from

Thou hast done well, said the cavalier to his deliverer.

The stranger drew himself up, looked at his late ally, and then, without noticing his words, approached the lady they had rescued.
By holy Paul,' said the cavalier, approach

ing, thou hast done me good service, which shall not be forgotten -Ods fish! what a shall not be forgotten.—Ols fish! what a look round, and to take a more leisurely scrape I was in with those big boned knaves vey of the ground which I had traversed. have enow on my hands:—pretty demoiselle, what in the fiend's name brought you into the midst of this forest with two masked ruffians whom Death has continued to move down from Death has continued to move down from the move of the mov

The lady sobbed but could not speak. 'Is she a stranger to you, sir?' inquired their rescuer.

'Never saw her in my life before,' replied the cavalier. Lost myself in hunting, and stumbled on those ruffians in time to stop, ere too late, the foul assault: -- he's beautiful. I' faith, but I like not tears-they spoil the eye: cheer ye, cheer ye, lady, we'll have aid anon.' And so saying, he raised a silver bugle to his lips, and sounded a call that awoke a score of These no sooner died echoes in the forest. away, than other horns were heard, and, by and by, a crushing through the trees, and trampling of horses, and yet a little while and hunters gaily apparelled came by ones, twos. and threes, galloping to the spot, who all, as they arrived, doffed their plumed bonnets to the chalier.

'Ods fish! my gallants,' he said, with impa tient gesture. 'I owe you marvellous thanks! I should have been as dead as Richard but for this brave fellow!'

hour traversing the forest in all directions searching for your grace.'
I take not such hooded hawks,' said the

. But as to you, Stanley-and the rest, mark me-I will grant this brave gentleman a boon, when to ye I may say nay.

So turning to the traveller, he said, 'Soho! brave pilgeim from San Jago, what boon thou askest, were it the brightest jewel of my crown, on a king's royal word it shall be granted.'

The stranger bent his left knee, and said, looking in the king's face, 'My liege, it is the brightest jewel in your crown I claim.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the king.

'Fis mercy!' said the kneeling pilgrim.

'So won, so pledge, so asked,' replied the monarch, 'thou hast it were thou traitor to ur crown and life.

From such iniquity God shield me,' said the pilgrim. 'Mine is a private crime of deepest die!' ·I grieve to hear such acknowledgments

guilt from one of such noble bearing,' said Henry; but my royal word is plighted, and e great seal shall confirm thy pardon. God, nan. must now be thy judge!'

My future life shall speak my gratitude,' said the salgrim: and my penitence deprecate the wrathful judgment of God.' "Arise, and tell me who thou art," said the

march. 'Charles Brandon,' replied the pilgrim standing erect.

'Ha! Charles Brandon,' exclaimed the ing, and all the courtiers looked with increased curiosity at the pilgrim. I have heard the tragedy of thy house—beshrew me but thy coming feint had a doirful end—but this melancholy subject, says that the wife thou shalt tell he the tale thyself. God soil has become so cool in that region that the subject is a beer skin as fair rescued demoiselle who hath got half a dozen knights to cousoleher, while we are wasting time of prerogative. Fair lady, we shall mount you on a gently-pacing palfrey, and escort you to your home, if so it pleases

The rescued lady was with all care escorter to her home, and from the hour of ing with the king, the deep grief of the pil-grim began to soften, and then arose the bright star of Charles, Brandon's splendid tortune.

BURIAL PLACES AT CONSTANTS

A dense and motionless cloud of above yapora ever shrouds these dreary relative traveller that he approaches their dark at dismal precincts; and as he entery thea icy blast rises from their inmost bosom red es forth to meet his breath, suddenly it has chest, and seems to oppose his organic es forth to meet his breash, success, success, such seems to oppose his prome. His very horse snuffs up the deadly flies with signs of manifest terror, and exhibited with signs of manifest terror, and exhibited advances in the state of the cold and clammy sweat, advances relach ly over a hollow ground, which shakes use treads it, and loudly se-echoes his sloved

city of the dead. Already do its fields blooming sepulchres, stretch far away or my ry side across the brow of the hills and & bend of their vallies; already are the arms which cross each other at every step, is a domain of death, so lengthened, the very stranger, from whatever point he comes, a finds before him many a dreary mile of between marshalled tombs and morrofit. presses, ere he reaches his journer's se our ingly receding end;—and yet, every in does this common patrimony of all the in

from my view, in such unceasing successes that at last I fancied some spell possessed a soul, some fascination kept locked my successes. and I therefore still increased my speedar only on quitting these melancholy abidal could hope to shake off my walking delicate Nor was it until near the verge of the fra-ral forest through which I had been pacing a full hour, a brighter light again gleatels thwart the ghostlike trees, that I stopped a

'There,' said I to myself, 'lie scarce & naorly four centuries in the vast capitals Islamism. There lie side by side, on the same level, in cells the size of their bodies, and only distinguished by a marble turben some what longer or deeper—somewhat rozader or squarer, personages in life, far as hearen and earth asunder, in birth, in station in gifts of nature, and in long laboured acquirements. There lie, sunk alike in their last sleep, alit food for the worm that lives on dealed conqueror who filled the universe with name, and the peasant scarce knows is own hamlet; Sultan Mahmoud, and Sa Mahmoud's perhaps more deserving borses ders bending under the weight of years infants of a single hour; men with intella of angels, and men with understanding gia, and the black of Sennaar; vizers, gars, heroes, and women.

There, perhaps, mingle their inest I should have been as dead as Richard but for this brave fellow! dust, the corrupt judge and the innocents of the murdered man and list during his horse, and bending his knee to the young vile insects consume the hand of the man and t King Harry the Eigath, we have been this hour traversing the forest in all directions searching for your grace.? The brain of the philosopher, the eve with sparkled with celestial fire, and the property which flowed irresistible eloquence. soil pressed by me for the last two hours, we once animated like myself; all the mostly which now cling to my feet; once funed link and features similar to my own. Lite my self, all this black unscendy dust outerbeet and willed, and moved!-And I, creative clay, like those here cast around; I, who is vel through life as I do on this road, with remains of my past generation strewed ales my trembling path; whether my journey be a few hours more or less, must still, like the here deposited, shortly rejoin the silent to ants of some cluster of tombs, be street out by the side of some already sleeps corpse, and while time continues its cours have all my hopes and fears-all my fice and prospects-laid at rest, on a coad claminy earth.

"Well wife, I've sold Ponis," said y

"Have you indeed?" said she, bright up at the good news -- I'm dreaded to of it. How much did you sell kim for dear." "Fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars! What-fifty dollars for dog! How glad I am! That'll almost in a good herse. But where's the most;

"Money?" said Dick, shifting a quid he to the other corner of his mouth; "I far get any money —I took two puppies at 25 in lars a piece!"

-020-Tue Augusta (Me man now goes out clad in a bear-skin cap quiffalo robe, a rackoon's tail for a dicky, three pair of thick boots.

A good Turn. - I would advise you be your head in a dye-tub, said a joker to sk tle red-haired girl. In return, sir, I was advise yeu to put yours in an oven, " was

19 . # Des 2 9 30 10 8 'Is your father a Catholic?' said a remain to an Irish boy, 'No sir,' he replied, a shuemaker.'

OL. LXXX

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